

Eddie Makes A Friend

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Summary:

Eddie is left alone at a party and attracts the wrong kind of attention.

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Author's Note:

So there is an attempt at non-consensual sex in this so if you're not okay with that please don't read this. I don't to trigger anyone.

Eddie wasn't the biggest party person. He was usually to focused on school stuff to know where the next frat party was. The only times he really went was when Bev and Richie talked everyone else into going. Then he would tag along, have a few drinks and forget about the papers and lab reports he had to write.

This was one of those nights. Bill had texted him at around 7 saying there was a party at one of Bev's friend's places and that they were going if he wanted to come.

He looked up at the half written essay proposal he was working on and texted Bill back asking for the address.

Eddie stood in the kitchen of the large two-story house. He was on his fourth or fifth drink and had a pretty decent buzz going.

He had arrived at the party with the rest of the Losers. After each of them were on their third drink they wandered away from each other. This was usually how they did parties. they'd show up together, stick around for a while and then separate. And unless there were certain circumstances, they would always make sure to leave together though.

It had been a while since Eddie had seen any of them. The last he remembered was Bev who had left to go for a smoke around 30 minutes ago. He turned to look out the window over the kitchen counter at the backyard. There were definitely more people here then Eddie had expected.

He mixed himself another drink and checked his phone for any new messages.

As he looked down at his phone he felt a pair of arms snake there way around his waist. Eddie smiled and lazily leaned back against the body behind him. He figured it was Richie who tended to get pretty cuddly when he drank, not that Eddie ever complained about it.

Eddie slid his phone into his pocket and chugged half of his drink. Richie's hand's spread over his stomach and pulled Eddie closer to him. Eddie spun around in the other boy's arms.

"Hey, Rich, What's...You're not Richie." He stopped and look up at Not Richie confused.

"You're not who I was looking for either, but I'm okay with that." The guy responded, leaning his head closer to whisper into Eddie's ear.

Eddie's cheeks were already red from the drinking but the shade darkened at the other boy's comment.

The guy had one hand placed on the counter beside Eddie and the other on Eddie's waist, completely crowding around him.

"So what's your name beautiful." He slurred into his ear. Eddie smiled up at him.

"E-Eddie." He responded, turning his head to take a sip of his drink. Eddie was hardly ever the focus of someone's attention. Mostly it was just Richie, who did it was a joke.

Eddie found out that the guy's name was Jeff and he was a kinesiology major. Eddie stayed with him for almost an hour, drinking and talking.

At some point Eddie had gotten tired of standing and hopped up to sit on the counter, Jeff moved to stand in-between his legs. As soon as Eddie would finish a drink, Jeff would reach behind Eddie, to the counter and grab him another. Eddie was pretty sure he had had a little too much to drink, but accepted every drink he was offered, trying not to be rude.

Another half an hour passed and Eddie could feel his head and eye's starting to droop shut. Jeff was whispering something into his ear,

something about going upstairs, and Eddie was really tempted to go. Jeff ran his hands down Eddie's sides and rested them on his thighs. He squeezed, unknowingly pressing Eddie phone into his leg.

"Wa...wait, I... I gotta check, my um phone." Eddie mumbled, clumsily reaching into his pocket and pulling out his phone. Jeff pressed kisses to his neck as Eddie clicked his phone on and squinted at the bright screen.

The screen was slightly blurring but Eddie could make out that he had a lot of missed calls and texts. He held his thumb on the home button and unlocked it. he had 40 missed text messages. 5 from Bev, 6 from Bill, 3 from Ben and 26 from Richie.

Bill- *Hey, where are you?*

Bev- *Hey Eddie, did you leave?*

Richie- *Eds?*

Richie- *R U okay?*

Richie- *???*

Eddie scrolled through the notification. Also seeing he had 15 missed calls. Mostly from Richie as well.

Eddie swiped over to the missed calls and pressed Richie's name. he held the phone up to his ear, pressing the cold screen up against his hot cheek. Before the phone had even rang once, Richie pick up.

"Eddie, where the hell are you!" He yelled, sounding extremely worried. Eddie's head lulled to the side, away from Richie's loud voice.

"Richiieeee, don't...yell at me." He whined into the receiver. Jeff's hands moved from his thighs up under his shirt and dug into his waist. "stop, that tickles." Eddie giggled. Wrapping his arm around Jeff's shoulder and leaning into him.

"Stop what, Eddie, where are you?" Richie said, he wasn't yelling anymore but the concern in his voice had doubled.

“Kitchen.” He hiccupped out. “I made a friend.” He pulled the phone away from his cheek and stared when he heard the sound of Richie hanging up. He pouted and snuggled his head deeper into Jeff’s shoulder.

It was approximately ten seconds until Eddie felt Jeff being yanked away from him. He looked up confused and saw Jeff on the floor with Richie and Bev standing above him. Bev was yelling something at Jeff and holding Richie back. Richie was also yelling and looked like he was ready to kill someone. Jeff stood from the ground and got into Richie’s face, joining in on the screaming.

Eddie couldn’t understand what they were saying but he heard the words drunk and assumed they were talking about him.

“HEY.” He called out, leaning forward to drop off of the counter and stand.

“I CAN SPEAK...FOR MY SEL-” Eddie went to take a step forward but he head decided to do a summersault. He swayed forward and almost fell over. He would have gone down but Richie had grabbed onto his arm and pulled him to his chest.

Eddie’s head spun and he gripped onto Richie’s shirt.

Mike, Bill, Stan, and Ben had shown up and Mike pushed his way beside Bev, putting himself between Richie and Jeff. Bill and Stan grabbed Richie and pulled him, along with Eddie out of the Kitchen and into the front yard.

Richie was basically supporting all of Eddie’s weight as they walked. He was still seething.

“I’m going to fucking kill him.” Eddie heard him mutter under his breath. Stan and Bill held onto Richie’s shoulders until they were outside.

“Let go, I’m fine.” He yelled yanking his arms out of Stan and Bill’s hands. Richie wrapped his arm around Eddie shoulder and pulled him closer.

“I’m taking him home.” He grumbled not looking at anyone and

pulling Eddie towards the sidewalk.

They walked for a few minutes. Richie's mouth was in a hard line and he refused to speak. Eddie was leaning hard against Richie's side, he held himself up with his hand holding on to Richie's shirt.

"I'm sorry..." Eddie mumbled into his chest. His still drunk brain unable to connect why Richie was so mad at him.

Richie didn't respond for what seemed like forever to Eddie.

"You can't do stuff like that Eds" Richie finally said softly. Pulling him closer. "We were so worried. We thought you'd left with someone." He finished quietly.

The cold air had sobered Eddie up slightly, not totally but enough to push away and stand on his own.

"Why would that be such a bad thing. I am allowed to sleep with people Richie, is it so crazy that someone wanted to have sex with me!" Eddie was kind of offended. It was never a big deal when Mike or Bill went off with someone they had met at a party. Why was everyone freaking out so much about him?

"Eddie. You can't disappear for two fucking hours without telling anyone where you are." Richie breathed out trying not to get mad again. He grabbed Eddie's arm and pulled him along the sidewalk, towards Eddie and Stan's place.

"why do you care so much." Eddie pulled his arm away again. He stared up at him. Richie spun around and grabbed both of Eddie's shoulders.

"Because I care about you, you Idiot." Eddie reeled back and stared up at Richie as he yelled. They stared at each other. Neither moving for a solid minute. Eddie swayed closer to Richie.

Richie sighed and moved away, grabbing on to Eddie's arm again and pulling him down the sidewalk, Eddie silently going along with him this time.

They didn't stop until they were in front of Eddie's apartment. Richie

held out his hand for the keys and Eddie pulled them out of his pocket and handed them over without saying anything. Richie brought Eddie to his room, both still not saying anything.

Richie sat him on his bed. He grabbed a spare shirt and pajama shorts and placed them on the bed beside him.

“I’m going to wait outside okay?” He said softly and walked out of the room. He closed the door behind him and sighed, walking to the kitchen to grab a cup of water.

He walked back and lightly knocked on the door.

“You done?” he called into the room. There was a silent pause.

“...I need help...” Eddie called quietly from behind the door.

Richie took a deep breath and opened the door.

Eddie was sitting on the bed; he had managed to change his pants but his shirt was tangled around him. He looked up at Richie defeated.

Richie hid a smile and dramatically sighed walking up to Eddie, placing the glass of water on the side table.

“What would you do without me.” He grabbed the hem of Eddie shirt and untangled it.

Eddie grabbed onto Richie’s hand once his shirt was on right and brought it up to his face. He leaned his cheek into Richie’s hand and pressed kisses to the side of it.

Richie stared down at him, his mouth open slightly. He shook his head and pulled his hand away. Placing his hand on Eddie’s head and ruffling his hair around.

“Get some sleep Ed’s” He smiled down at him and turned to leave, Eddie’s hand reached out and grabbed on to Richie’s shirt.

“Don’t go.” He said looking up at Richie. “Please don’t go.”

Richie looked down at him and sighed. He sat down on the bed

beside Eddie and pushed him over. Eddie sat up and waited for Richie to lay down before snuggling into his chest. Richie lay with his arm under Eddie's head, holding him close.

Eddie fell asleep murmuring apology's against Richie's chest.

Richie didn't sleep at all that night.

Author's Note:

Part two is coming out sometime later this week.